One Woman Offers Some Good Advice to Another About Keeping Boarders.

The Most Limited Social Life Involves Many Extra Expenses-Suggestions for the Thanksgiving Table-Odds and Ends.

She wanted to start a boarding-house; she had the house and the furniture, and she wanted to know if I could give her any anggestions as to how to make money. Unlike the angels, I rushed in and told her what I thought. Said I: "Begin by thinking that the people who board with you are human beings and not merely boarders. Begin by asking a high price, and then giving people the worth of their money. Train your servants to obey your orders as implicitly as if you were a ward politician, and if one of them says she don't care to dust Mrs. Dash's books, don't discuss the matter with her, but tell her that you don't care to pay her wages any longer and she can depart. The ery of the boarding-house-keeper is that there are no good servants to be gotten. This is not true. It is merely a question of paying for them and looking out for their references. Of course, if you take in the scum of the intelligence office, you may expect bad service, dishonesty and drunkenness, and you will not be disappointed. Then give your boarders what you promise them. If your contract calls for a warm room and algood table, see that it is furnished, and don't believe that by sitting in the parlor and looking handsome you are going to make your house a success. There is nothing unladylike in should be large, ample, not costly in material, but should give the idea of abundance average boarding-house-keeper could think and plenty—the generous gifts of nature in there is passes my comprehension. Go into your kitchen and superintend your own cooking; make your own desserts and then you will get an idea where your money first servant that comes to you with gossip.

"As long as people behave quietly, pay their bills and treat you properly, their private affairs don't concern you. You have hired your servants to work, not to entertain you or the boarders. I cannot understand why, but as soon as a woman in a boarding-house tries to make her room look a little homelike, the dust accumulates at the rate of an inch a day. In my own o drop in at any minute. Discharge the look a little homelike, the dust accumulates at the rate of an inch a day. In my own personal experience I have been told that it is the fire, or the dust from the windows. I now know it to be due entirely to the laziness of servants, for in an equally busy neighborhood, with a greater number of belongings, the dust does not grow, as it is ruthlessly disturbed by a feather brush every morning. Servants are very much like children—they do well as long as they know somebody is looking at them, but the minute they are left to their own devices they shirk. Be the head of your own establishment and let every servant distinctly understand that her going or staying is a matter of indifference to you, for there are always good fish in the servant market, and the bait to catch them is the dollar.

"Now, I am going to say something to you

"Now, I am going to say something to you about your table. Of course, I am presupposing that you are taking, boarders. It may seem a little more expensive at first to have everything of the best, but it pays in have everything of the best, but it pays in the end, for your people do not drift away, and more are desirons of coming to you. It is just as easy to make good as 'it is bad coffee, and quite as easy to offer a variety. Instead of alternating with roast beef and turkey all the week. It only requires a little thought about this, and a little thought about something else, for you not only to make a success, but to make money. Most women have an idea that the way to keep a boarding-house is first to get a house, then to fill it with people, more or less unhappy, and then, by a series of nagging and bad food, to get them to that extreme of unhappiness when nothing makes any difference. This is a sort of boomerang policy. Some day the worms will turn and depart, and then they will spread the reputation of the house so far that nobody will want to go to it. You can't keep a first-class boarding-house and devote all your energies to doing artistic needle-work. To earn your living in this world you have got to work. You can't play, and if you want to earn a good living you have got to work hard."

Needful Fripperies.

When women are forced to practice economy they can keep their expenses for clothing within almost any limit that can be named, but in dong so they necessarily limit their social privileges to a corresponding degree. For if a woman, and especially a young woman, participates in and enjoys social life and gayeties, many articles of dress are essential that the stay-at-home can dispense with. It is doubtless truethat the period is one of increasing luxury and possibly extravagance; certainly girls require many more things than their mothers ever had or dreamed of, but individual girls cannot stem the tide. The fault is of the age if fault there be. A writer in the Philadelphia Times, touching upon the needs of women in the way of dress, says "the cost of actual necessities for a woman would supply a man with luxuries. It is not her fault, but her misfortune in belonging to a sex that is compelled to wear fem-inine fripperies costing such outrageously large sums, that has called down upon her innocent head the charge of undue extrav-

"What! Another dress?" said a man lately when called upon to supply one of his daughters with the needful sum with which to purchase a plain little affair that to masculine eyes seemed not commensurate with the price to be paid for it. "Why you have had three new ones this winter slready. No, I won't get it; you are entirely too extravagant," and he held firmly to his resolution, though the pleader shed "barrels of tears," as she expressed it. Now, what may seem to a man just and right appears to a woman quite the re-verse. Four suits for a man and four gowns for a woman are entirely out of pro-

The evening coat that the society youth dons night after night looks always correct and elegant if his linen is immaculate, but just let a girl try the experiment of wear-ing one gown to the theater, to concerts, receptions and balls, and see how soon the very men who now raise their hands in holy borror over such terrible extrava-

holy horror over such terrible extravagance would rather take out or talk to the
one who has several pretty costumes with
which to vary the monotony.

With street clothes it is just the same;
one, costume wiping up the dust quickly
becomes shabby, and unless there is another one to replace it for home wear it
will soon look absolutely disreputable.
Tea gowns, or if they sound too much like
luxuries, wrappers—shoes, hosiery, lingerie, hats, jackets and parasols—all must
be had, and even though a girl can afford
but one example of each branch of her
wardrobe it is safe to say some misguided but one example of each branch of her wardrobe it is safe to say some misguided man, when she appeals for money with which to replace the worn-out article, would exclaim: "What, another gown? Really you are too extravagant!" But let us whisper there are certain bills for cigars and other masculine etceteras that would pay for many sensible little shoes, gloves or hats, but which the masculine mind never considers in the light of an extravagance on his part.

gance on his part. Giris, Behave.

The free and easy ways of a certain class of young women calls for the same plain and pointed remarks from Dorothy Sharp. "Now girls," she asks, "are you behaving just as well as mothers of future Presidents, maybe, should behave? Are you doing maybe, should behave? Are you doing anything that you might be unwilling to have your children know? Are you living so that you can talk to your daughters just as I am talking to you? Girls, let me tell you me plain, solid English, that if you want the leve of women and the honor of men, you cannot afford to let boys paw over you and kiss you. If you have done so, stop! You den't need to proclaim it to all the world that you have changed your minds in minor matters of decornm: just simply stop. You need not mention the matter in any way, shape or form. If a fellow gets his shoulders against yours, slip away. If his arm is ready to go around your waist, don't have your waist there. If he takes hold of Indianapolis, Nov. 18.

IN THE FEMININE REALM your arms, "scringe" and he won't do it again. And no fellow will offer to kiss you unless you give him some encouragement. Let me tell you again, you don't need to act prudish, or flaunt you niceties in any manner. Act as if you did not know or think anything about the matter. You can laugh and chat and be just as pretty and joily as you can. And if you will follow this "untouchable and unkissable" course, you can do almost anything else that a good lively girl would want to do, and with perfect safety. If you will flirt, you can first to the verge of boldness; you can go almost anywhere and say almost anything, and not be afraid to meet anybody thing, and not be afraid to meet anybody next day. You can drop your beautiful lashes, and smile your most beautiful smile, and show your beautiful arms, and make yourself just as sweet and attractive as possible. Only keep out of reach of the touch of that fellow's fingers. If you are sole mistress of yourself, you are queen regnant of the world."

Thanksgiving Decorations. New York Tribune. A few suggestions, both in regard to the dinner and decorations, may belp our housekeeper just at this time. It is not at all necessary to have expensive bot-house flowers to make a really beautiful arrangement for a "Thanksgiving" table. Nothing is more decorative than the fruits of the earth if cleverly arranged, and they are particularly apprepriate at such a time.
What llowers there are should be in keeping with the season; the late chrysanthe-mums are particularly adapted to this per beeches and flame-colored oak leaves form a beautifut combination. For a center-piece on the table a beautiful group may be made with golden ears of corn, tomatoes, grapes, nuts-products of nature of all sorts. Tiny sheaves of wheat at each plate tied with colored ribbon make a pretty resting place for the card indicat-ing the occupant of the seat. An effective way of decorating the room is to cover the window sill with moss, and to stand a sheaf in the center, tying it with a thick garland of scarlet flowers, or berries, or clusters of grapes. Finally, as a general principle to go on, Thankegiving decorations, whether in church or in the house, all their luxury.

Fashion and Fact The very weakest thing a woman can do goes. Servants are not apt to be dishonest when they realize that a mistress is liable influence her unto having a dress pattern. influence her into buying a dress pattern half against her own common sense and better judgment, simply because she has been spending some time looking at the

Dr. Chaney, president of Bates College, illustrates the progress of co-education by telling the story of how a man in 1865 on being asked how many students were attending the college, answered: "Forty-three students and a nigger and a woman;" and adds, "Now there are forty women in the classes."

Take your black lace skirt all apart, if it is soiled, brush thoroughly, and have it immersed in a deep (new) tin pan of gaso-line, taking care to have no fire anywhere near. It will take every accumulation of dust from it, cleanse it, and brighten it also. Press it immediately, and very lightly, with a moderately hot iron on the wrong side, first laying a piece of thin silk over the lace.

The Ladies' Club in Sydney is the only club in the city which is not in debt. Their rooms are in a central and convenient locality, where tea, coffee or cocoa are served at any hour, where dainty lunches are enjoyed by the members and their friends, and where private reception-rooms are furnished to ladies who wish to entertain their friends. The club numbers nearly one hundred members.

A very handsome sofa-pillow cover can be made by stamping a center pattern of flowers and leaves upon a sort of time honey-comb or basket canvas. The ground is then entirely covered with darning in three shades of yellow silk. The silks are cut into needlefuls, and the shades used at random. The result will be a golden chine effect that is very pleasing. After the darning is tinished the pattern is to be embroidered solidly in light blue.

There is such a variety of modes from which to choose this season that all figures which to choose this season that all figures can select the style of dress which best accords with their requirements. There are the Empire and Directoire waists for slight figures, trim tailor-made coats in English fashion for stouter forms, princesse models which greatly aid in imparting a slender effect, besides the comet skirt and long-waisted French bodice, which impart an attractive symmetry to the generality of

A small shoulder shawl is prettily made by knitting on rather large wooden needles two squares, one white, the other rose pink. The stitch is the plain quarter stitch, as it is called, and when finished the two pieces are joined together and furnished with a border of double crochet in white wool. There should be six or eight rows of this ladder-like stitch, and through the meshes of each row the parrowest pink haby ribladder-like stitch, and through the meshes of each row the narrowest pink baby ribbon should be run. In knitting the square the work must be done loosely to allow large enough meshes for the lining to show through. This is also a pretty design for a baby's atghan, but for that use the pieces must be oblong rather than square, and a large bow or flat rosette of ribbon three inches wide can be added upon one corner. The new Empire skirt consists of four breadths. A straight breadth, a yard wide, is placed at the back and front; and a triangular shaped breadth, a yard wide at the bottom and graduated to a sharp point at the top is placed on either side. This makes a skirt two yards around at the top, and four at the botton. The the top, and four at the botton. The fullness of the top is gathered on to a band and arranged to fall principally at the back, though there is some fullness in the front and at the sides. This design is commended for light materials, which must be gathered at the waist if they are not made over a foundation of silk. It will, no doubt, be a popular model for cotton dresses next season when Empire styles in a modified form may be adopted in general dress. For this season this extreme eral dress. For this season this extreme change of fashion will be seen chiefly on full dress occasions.

A Plea for Our Grammar.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journals There are two little words which our Hoosier populace seem determined to eliminate from their vocabulary, viz.: "To get." We hear quite commonly the expression wants up," or "she wants down," or "they want out," etc. Now, what the cause can be of the prejudice against the use of this harmless little phrase. "to get," it is hard to imagine. Possibly it might be that we, being a very busy people, have reached that point of preoccupation when we must save time in such small tion when we must save time in such small ways as that of dropping out certain words in ordinary speech; or, perhaps it is consistent with the Hoosier dialect to omit such insignificant parts of a proposition; or, may it not be that inasmuch as the Southerners, by birth, and some Easterners, by affectation, have eliminated the letter "r" from their alphabet, we Hoosiers have resolved, as a fair Western offset, to strike out these two words from the English vocabulary. Whichever theory may be the true one, even so correct

CHAPTER ABOUT PEDDLERS

Men and Women Who Follow Modest and Obscure By-Paths of Commerce.

How the Apple-Vender Is Hated, Pitied, Then Embraced-Rugs on the Installment Plan -French Candy and Brooms.



are a great any different altitudes, longitudes, zones and parallels in the commercial field. The business of buying and selling assumes many levels. It lifts its devotees, in one instance, up to the plane of the King's elliptic, and in another lets them down to the footstools of the lowly. The pompous

banker of the large European city is often, through his wares, dictator to the nobility in many more than business ways. Throughout almost the entire length and breadth of the commercial world,

however, is a broad respect-

ability, upon which the

tradesmen, by virtue of their trade, are stationed. In Ire-

trade, are stationed. In Ire-

land the business people take to themselves a certain social standing, which is considered an attache of the calling. In the Western portion of the United States the merchant, and more especially the successful merchant, occupies socially an elevated perspective. In the effete East trade has become tabooed by the chosen elite, and if a man's grand-tather had ever engaged in business the analytical asp drains the blue blood from his veine, and he cannot break the barrier very often peddles-and it is to the ped-dlers of Indianapolis that some attention

would be given.

The peddler, if he is long at the work, owns some craft that must be recognized. In the first place, there are many who ped-dle against wind and tide—whose personal appearances and general dress are repulsive to strangers, and whose sales would indeed be small if they confined themselves to changing territory—and it is to these indi-viduals the idea of getting acquainted with their possible customers occurs. Can any-



body doubt the policy or craftiness of this turn? About 3 P. M. an old man with unkempt hair and beard, a slouch hat, congested shoes and a basket of fruit walks into the presence of the office man and meets with a cold reception or a silent shake of the head. He at once shuffles out and closes the door gently after him. The next day, at about the same hour, the door opens apologetically and the same old man, with the same patient look in his corroded eyes, and the same fruit in his basket, reappears, and, with a gurgling voice accosts the busy man. He may be disappointed the second, the third and even the fourth which greatly aid in imparting a slender effect, besides the comet skirt and longwaisted French bodice, which impart an attractive symmetry to the generality of figures.

A small shoulder shawl is prettily made by knitting on rather large wooden needles two squares, one white, the other rose pink. The stitch is the plain quarter stitch, as it is called, and when finished the two pieces are joined together and furnished with a border of double crochet in white wool. There should be six or eight rows of this ple peddler has a great many stairs to climb in a day to reach his customers, but he climbs them all, is a reflective genius, always ready to smoke the butt of a dissipated cigar, is conservative in his political views, and generally prosperous in a small way. He believes in a certain revenue, and sells a staple article. He knows that that which contributes to the appetite is the surest to sell, and in his business he walks in wise ways, develops some crude diplomacy, carries in stock some venerable precepts, and fights the fickle weather with

a full beard. The rug-peddler can be met almost any fine day on some of the streets north of Washington. He burdens himself with his with a certain rheumatic accompaniment to his gait. The keen wind hangs a tear over his nether eye-lid and a stalactite to the end of his blanched nose. He is the only automatic brass knocker on earth, and drives very well-to-do people to distraction with his glaring colors and installment plans. Nevertheless he sells rugs, and Flit through my vision—up and down



many a little home is cozy with a bright rug ankle-deep in the hon's mouth, whose image appears imperfectly across the plush jungle. By and by the good mother looses her book account, and is forced to go on paying 25 cents each week, from month to month, until the rug man has enough

money to buy a grocery store!

The time has come in the history of small trade when it is no longer safe to be a book agent. There are still alive, in Indianapolis, men who, after paying a subscription price of \$5 for a volume, have been offered the same book and a loaf of bread for 15 cents, at the bakery during the holidays. In a great many cities the peddlers are more numerous than in this.

Every morning here we greet it, bowing lowly down before thee,

Thee the godlike, thee the changeless, in thine ever-changing skies.

Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrowing light from clime to clime,

Hear thy myriad laureates hall thee monarch in

ern offset, to strike out these two words from the English vocabulary. Whichever theory may be the true one, even so correct a paper as the Journal occasionally lapses, for instance, in the issue of Nov. 18, it is a announced with apparent candor and good faith, that "the rascula want in." Of Gourse, "the rascals want to get in." and have been wanting to get into office for four years. The Journal cannot make this proposition too strong, but we want it made, and not hinted at, in this fashiou.

Do not we Hoesiers well deserve to be made targets for the criticism of our Bostion consists if we will indulge in such carelless forms of expression? Help us, O Journal, while we ste in sackcloth over the triumph of our political foe to save the king's English and our own reputation as common grammarians. Auxious as Republicans are to make the most of what is left, and one let us exalt the little adverb "in" beyond its legitimate province by making it do the duty of a substantive. Neither "in." nor "out." nor "ap." nor "down" were ever meant to be used as objects of the verb "want," and the sooner we recording the family and sand and and and and the sooner we recording the family circle. The vegetable peddlers are one class of people in this city which the Democratic State Assembly has not legislated against directly. The vegetable peddler is the only animate or innument estructure who can, in point of noise, compete with the electric street cars, and many at the backer, and for 15 cents, at the bakery during the holidays. In a great many cities the bakery during the holidays. In a great many cities the bakery during the holidays. In a great many cities the bakery during the holidays. In a great many cities the bakery during the holidays. In a great many cities the residents this ment their one light the residents the intensive of the residents the little appear in the indivision the peddlers."

The brown peddler does a good business in this to its the business is thoroughly legitimate. He lifts the latch softly and hob tradesman until the congregation rose up against the assault and sang another hymn. The banana-peddler fights his battles further down town, winks at the "French chewing candy" vender, and, like many a Republican voter just before the

election, is kept moving. The peddler of all peddlers, however, who takes high rank for peddling and clarivoyant talent, is the Gypsy woman peddler, who carries with her a full stock of pursery bric-a-brac, as well as a family that might drive a kangaroo mad with envy. It is she who sells at the highest profit, and throws into the bargain a suffiskin enough margins to pay alley rent and besides Russian.

have an occasional chop, burnt savories and plenty of onions for the day but one to tollow.

ALLAN BOTSFORD,

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. Thanksgiving Day. In the Heart.

Pass by, pass by the secret door; No prying mortal may explore Or cross the sacred threshold o'er. Ask not that it shall opened be; It is a place of sanctity. No eye may seek its mystery. The Body.

But for the body that can feel It will go forth with thee to-day, Walk to the house of God and kneel Beside its kind who kneel and pray! Down by the altar with the rest Who are so happy and so blest! Give thanks, give thanks, poor human frame,

For firelight's yellow, mellow flame When night winds rage tempestuously. Poor creatures are whose lot is cast On icy streets in winter's blast! That children's rosy faces glow Around thy table, duly spread,

For warm, soft raiment wrapping thee,

That some beneficence hath so Ordsined for thee thy daily bread, Give thanks that hunger's cruelty Is still unknown to thine and thee! Secure from danger, night and storm, Poor body thou dost lie and sieep;

Safe housed, and calm, and dry, and warm, Thou and thine own their slumbers keep. Poor wayfarers there are who know No shelter and no place to go! That pain hath not yet brought to thee Its woe of dreary, hopeless days,

And long-drawn nights of misery, And hours of poignant agonies. Give thanks, poor human flesh, to-day, To pain thou art not yet a prey! For Nature's panorama drawn

Before two eyes with vision blessed, For laughter-music murmuring on The listening ear-for sense caressed By cooling wind or warming fire, By light,-repose,-perfume, desire!

What stirs behind the secret door! A voice comes subbing o'er and o'er!-A muffled voice that cries and calls Against its close-barred prison walls:-

"Oh! that upon the icy street, With shivering form and sightless eyes, With aching limbs and frozen feet, And ears long deaf to melodies Through pain, through hunger and through

To my beloved I might go!"

Lift up, lift up the drooping head! To-day no bitter tears are shed; Compress the lip and close the eye And hush the heart's unreasoning ery Down by the altar with the rest Who are so happy and so blest!

Oh, Sweet Muscatatack! They slander thee, Muscatatack, Who end thee with a "tuck," And leave thee of thy finny tribes But a catfish plowing muck;

Who paint waist-deep in flow'ring weeds Thy fields rich-shocked with corn, To shame who delve them in the eyes

Of peoples to be born; Who call thy Vernon's artless maids Simple, because sincere-Oh, undiscerning artist-man, What shall thy vision clear?

A thousand times I've heard thy name Come echo-flying back From midst thy hills-thy own true name-Clear cut Muscatatack. Thousands have felt the "thrilling wrist"

And throbbing heart, as I, When up, in eager, trout-like haste, The bass sprang at the fly. I've "raised" the swift quall in thy fields,

But ne'er a blade of grass Misgrowing, found I yet, let by The thrifty farmer pass. But oh, thy girls! how beat my heart In ecstasy and pain,

Beholding them, yet knowing well Not I their grace could gain! Go look again, you artist-man, Cast fly, and try to flirt; See how your pulse will tingle it!

Bee 'f you'll come back unhurt!

If not nor bass nor maid respond, But flavors still fall flat-You're not for dainty sports, fair sir; Your nose is for mud cat. .-O. W. Sears.

Unforgotten. Your'e in Florida, Madge, and I am here In the cheery fire's glow-But my thoughts are in Michigan woods, my It's summer again, you know!

What do I care for November rain Beating against my window-panet June and July seem here again-Summer and you, my sweet! You were charming, Madge, the livelong day-In a sail-boat or on land:

Oh, your eyes! Your mouth! Your retrousse Little nose, and soft, white hand! What do I care for the girls in townt Flit through my vision-up and down-Butterfly-like, petite! You remember the hammock in the lane-

Where I told my love for you? Now. I wonder if it's out in this rain, And rotting-as hammocks do! They may have forgotten it quite, you know, And November's rain and December's snow Are a cruel change from the tender glow Love and sunshine made, my sweet.

Or may be it's hid in the garret, where Little mice run to and fro-Ah, well! Poor hammock! We loved it there In the lane-ten weeks ago! And, though it may perish like other things-(For they are sad changes which old Time

In my memory that hammock swings and swings, Holding Love and you, petite! -Stella Weller.

Hymn to the Sun.

Once again thou flamest heavenward, once again we see thee rise; Every morning is thy birthday gladdening human hearts and eyes.

That I might see thee with a clearer eye.

Ah, none of these could keep our souls spart;
Forget, forgive, oh, unforgiving Heart! -Anna Reeve Aldrich.

Not Anxious for the "Millennium." The Democratic party seems to be hesitating a good deal between having the millennium next spring or waiting for it a year longer. Now, if, as Democrats believe, the millennium is coming and if, as Democrats eay, it is a "robber" tariff, why, the quicker

one comes and the other goes the better. cient number of "future husbands" to reconcile all differences. A very happy crew these under tradespeople, who can linguist, speaking seven modern languages The Weekly Journal, \$1 Per Annum

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Silk Lining, Tan and Gray
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49c, worth from 75c to \$1.

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worth \$1, go at 49c, all sizes.

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